

NO.2

\$1

# moist

COMIX BY AMY M. AHLSTROM, ESQ.





it's  
mm-  
mm-  
good!

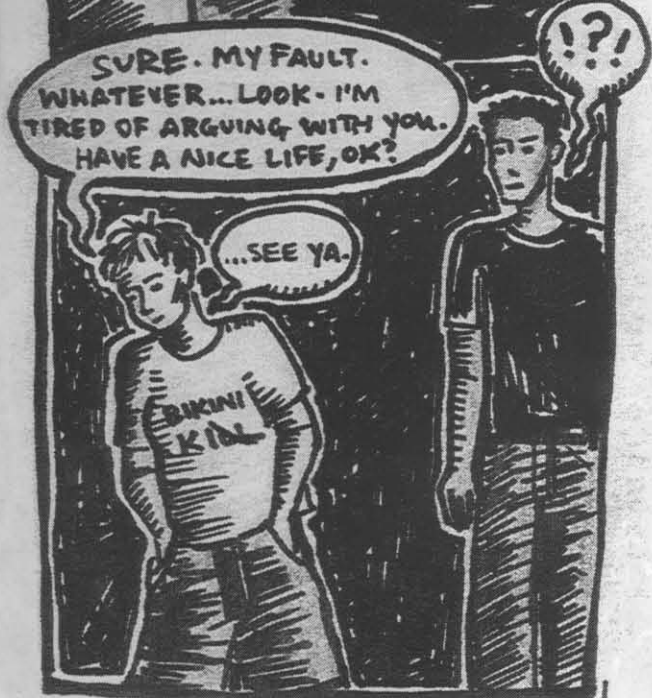
MOIST comix no.2  
published NOV. '94  
all contents ©  
Amy M. Ahlstrom  
this ish dedicated to  
the ROTIFERS (YAY)!

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IN: HOW-WE-MET-AND-SAVED-  
THE-FREE-WORLD-BLAH-  
BLAH-BLAH-AD-NAUSEUM  
(continued)

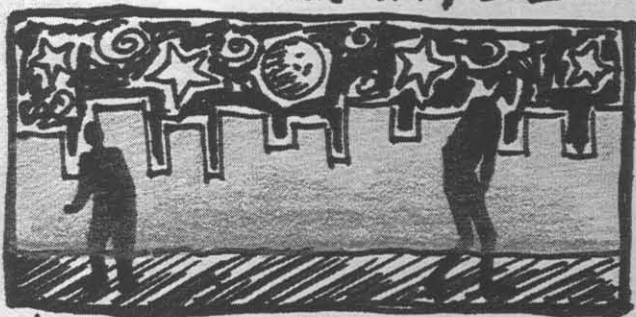






WELL... ok...  
...um... 'bye...

"...MAYBE..."



it was the full moon, but....



I  
JUST  
couldn't  
WALK  
AWAY  
FROM  
YOU...



HEY...  
COME  
BACK!



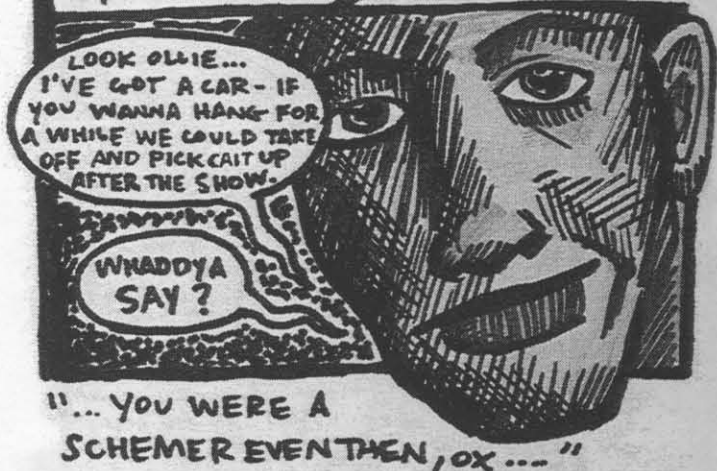
"...MY FRIENDS CALL ME 'OX'."

"...so what should I call ya?"



HEY - WHAT HAPPENED? I SAW YOU GET THROWN OUT...





WELL... I THOUGHT  
WE COULD GO SOME-  
WHERE FOR A CUP O'  
JOE, Y'KNOW.

SOUNDS GOOD!  
BUT I CALL MY  
COFFEE JOANNE  
LET'S GO!

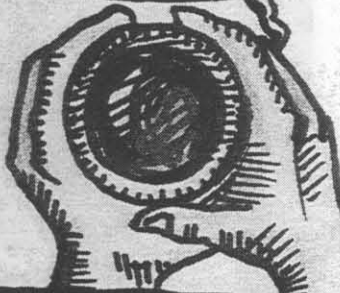
"UM... OX... I  
FEEL A LITTLE WEIRD  
GOIN' IN YOUR CAR... WHY DON'T WE  
WALK OVER TO THE SEVEN-ELEVEN?"

# LATER...



MMM... I LOVE A HOT  
CUP O' MUD. SO.. DO YOU  
ALWAYS GET THROWN  
OUT OF BARS?

NAH... USUALLY I'M  
CHASED OUT. LET'S  
GO WALK AROUND.



OOH... CHECK  
OUT THE HEARSE!







Wow!  
WHAT A  
COLOSSAL  
piece o'  
**JUNK!**  
i LOVE it!

BOY, THEY DON'T  
MAKE 'EM LIKE  
THIS ANYMORE

YUP. REAL  
TO'S-MOBILE  
AWRIGHT. GOT  
IT FOR A  
STEAL.



WOW! IS IT  
REALLY YOURS?

CAN  
I SIT ON IT?

YUP.

SURE!

HEY... I WONDER HOW  
MANY DEAD FOLKS 'VE  
TAKEN THEIR LAST  
RIDE IN THIS ONE?

BIKINI  
KILL

(SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT LATER TONITE)-ed.

WE BOTH LOOKED DOWN AND NOTICED  
THAT OUR HANDS WERE TOUCHING.



...then, suddenly...



.... it happened.....



... CITY-RATS IN HEAVEN FLOATED  
ABOVE US AS WE KISSED. THEY  
SANG US SONGS OF LOVE AND LUST...

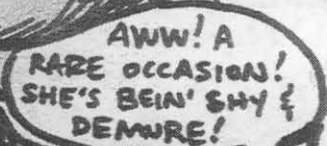
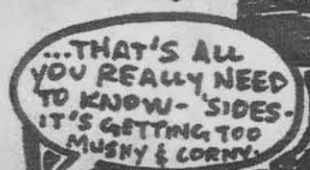


"... I WAS THINKIN' THE WORST..."





...SO  
ANYWAY...



...SHY,  
HUH? WELL,  
HOWZABOUT I  
TELL EVERYBODY  
ABOUT THE TIME WE  
WERE IN THE PARK?  
I'M SURE YOU RE-  
MEMBER THAT ONE  
TIME ON THE  
PARK BENCH  
THE POLICE  
I DIDN'T  
YOU COULD  
SO FAST!

HA! HA!  
WELL - C-YA  
NEXT TIME!  
...ollie...

end.

11.24.94





## a Tale of Tampons




I DREAMED  
LAST NIGHT THAT  
BLOODY-SKIRTED TAMPONS  
DANCED A JIG ALL AROUND  
ME WHILE I SLEPT... I WOKE  
UP WITH BAD CRAMPS &  
BLOODY TRAILS IN-  
SIDE MY LEGS.

TAMPONS

COUCH CUSHIONS  
big-ass "napkins"

PLUGG

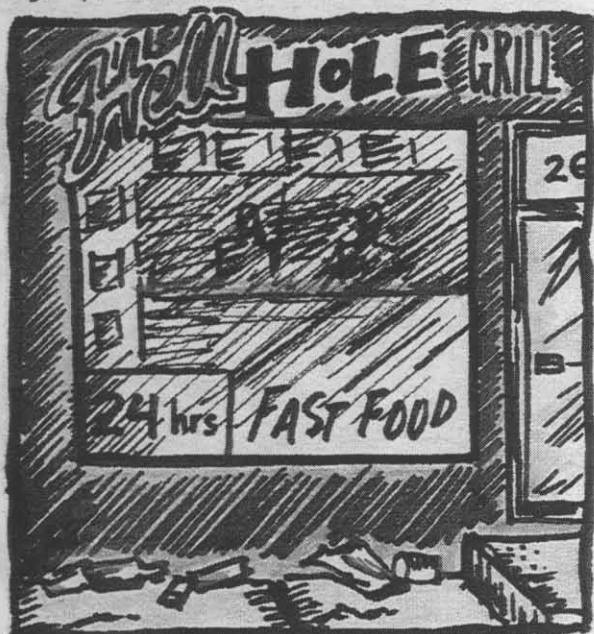
Caution:  
May Kill You

the  <sup>by</sup> AMY M. AHLSTROM

# NION RINGS of DESPAIR!



OK, SO YOU HAVE A GREASE CRAVING. YOU SKIPPED YOUR DAILY MONTHLY RDA OF GREASE & YOU'RE CRAVING IT- YOU NEED IT. SO YOU STOP BY A GREASE PIT....

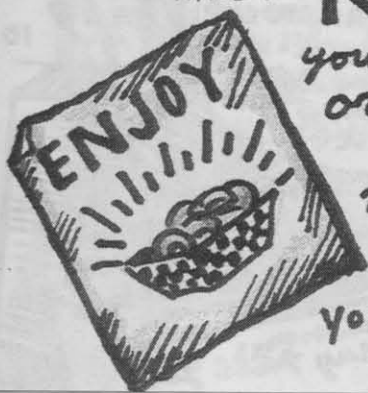


AND YOU DON'T KNOW IF IT'S STUFF FRIED IN VEGETABLE OIL BUT THEY SERVE VEGETARIAN FOOD SO YOU HOPE IT'S NOT LARD BUT YOU DON'T CARE 'COS YOU GOT TO HAVE IT

## NOW.

you go on and  
order them...  
number  
nine, boy.

WHILE  
YOU WAIT...



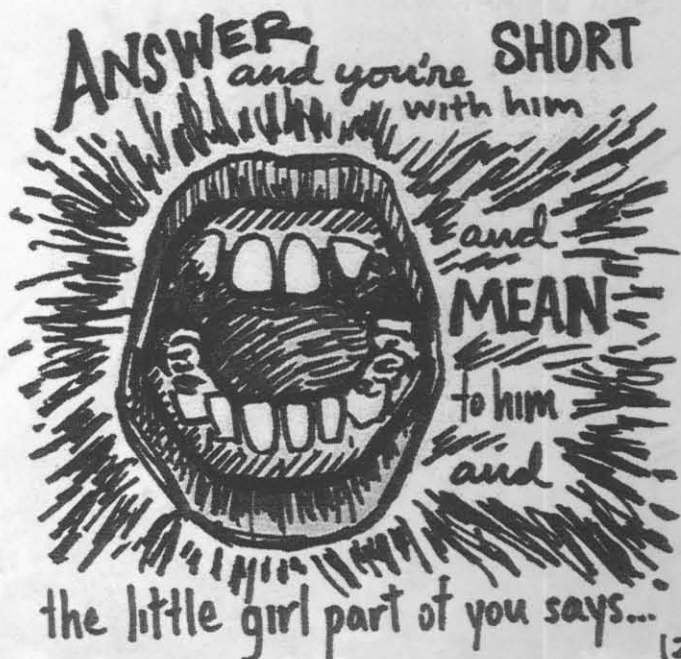
**SUDDENLY** YOU FEEL SAD, AND  
START THINKIN' BOUT THE AWFUL  
SCREWED-UP THING THAT JUST  
HAPPENED TO YOU AND IT SWIRLS  
AND SWIRLS 'ROUND IN YOUR HEAD.



SO THE GUY NEXT TO YOU ....



DECIDES THAT THIS IS THE TIME TO  
STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION SO HE ASKS  
YOU AND ASKS YOU QUESTIONS HE  
GETS INTO YOU HE GETS UNDER YOUR  
SKIN. YOU DON'T WANT TO





be nice....  
you must always  
be polite...

BUT THE WOMAN  
PART OF YOU SAYS

**fuck**

**you**

**FUCK OFF! GET AWAY!**

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER  
KNOW I MEAN HE MIGHT  
BE A CRAZY KILLER...

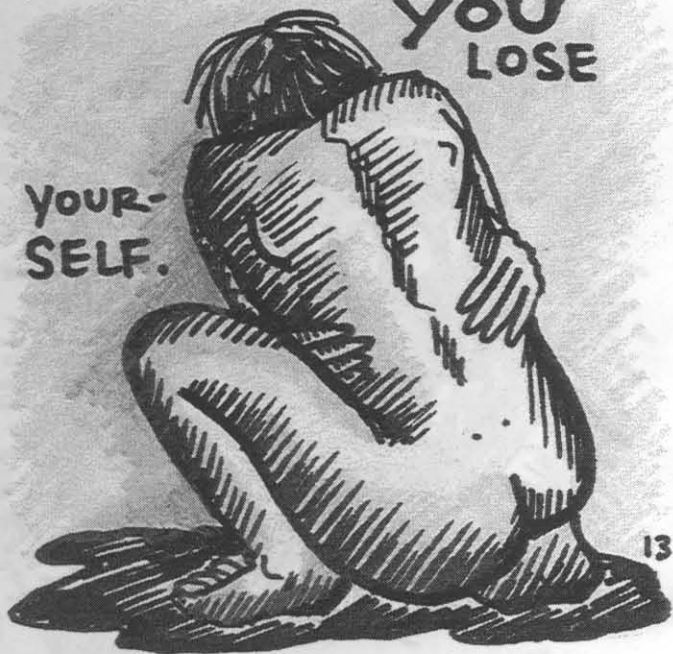
**HE MIGHT SLICE YOU OPEN**  
*... like an afterthought*



AND LEAVE YOUR  
ENTRAILS TRAILING ON THE SIDEWALK.  
OR HE COULD BE A RAPIST HE  
COULD RAPE YOU SO HARD THAT HE  
TAKES YOU AWAY... HE COULD HURT  
YOU SO HARD THAT

**you  
LOSE**

**YOUR-  
SELF.**





but what if this is him, THE  
MAN, THE PERSON YOU'RE SUPPOSED  
TO BE WITH FOREVER AND THIS IS

THE ONLY TIME  
"CRS" YOU ARE  
DESTINED  
TO MEET  
AND YOU  
BLOW IT, YOU  
BLEW IT



SISTER.

...SO...



THE MAN  
GIVES YOU

RINGS, YOUR GREASE VEHICLE.

YOU TAKE THE BAG AND SHUFFLE  
OUT WITH A HALF-MUMBLED "BYE"

TO YOUR

AT THE COUNTER  
YOUR ONION

POTENTIAL  
RAPIST/  
DREAMBOAT

YOU  
FLOAT



ON THE WAY TO THE EL  
you eat the onion rings  
'COS YOU WANT THEM (you  
wanted them)... AND THEY'RE  
NOT EVEN THAT GOOD, THEY'RE



the whole onion that falls out of the  
breeding "O" when you bite it.



AND THE GREASE COATS YOUR MOUTH  
AND YOUR TONGUE AND THE BACK OF  
YOUR THROAT. YOU CAN FEEL THE GREASE  
SITTING IN THE PIT OF YOUR STOMACH  
SLOWLY TURNING INTO A SOLID. AND  
YOU ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL SICK.

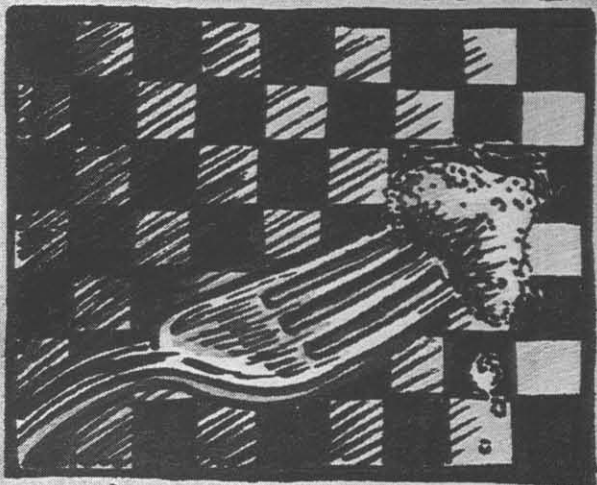
THAT'S WHEN YOU KNOW



YOU'VE EATEN THE ONION  
RINGS OF DESPAIR.

end

# subscribe



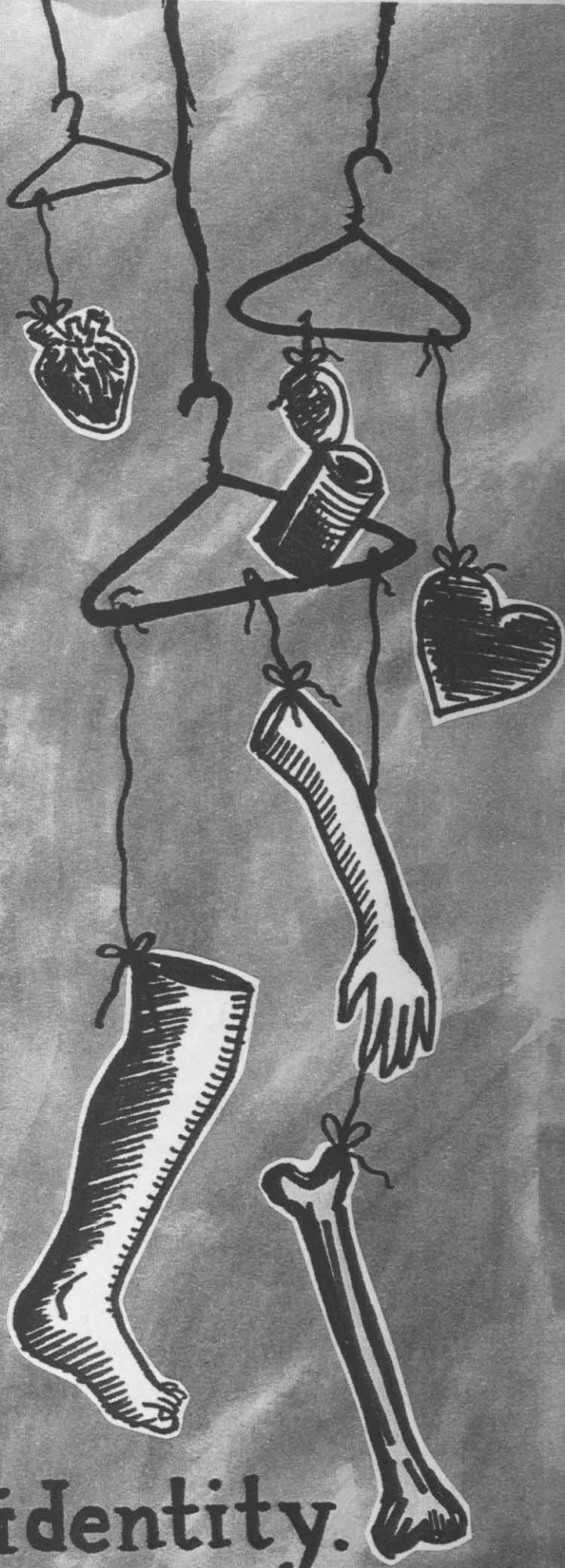
## ...to moist!

TO SUBSCRIBE, SEND \$5 IN CHECK OR CAREFULLY CONCEALED CASH TO AMY AHLSTROM, c/o MOIST, P.O. BOX 7744, CHICAGO, IL. 60647. YOU'LL GET 5 ISSUES POSTPAID PLUS ASSORTED WEIRD STUFF AND MY UNDYING GRATITUDE! WHATTA DEAL IN THE FREE WORLD... ha ha ha ha... ALSO PLEASE SEND LETTERS, COMMENTS, MOLDY CAKE, etc. TO SAME ADDRESS. THANKS! AND SPEAKING OF THANKS....

## ...thanx...

TO RANDY, for love & markers  
CHRIS SMITH, King o' kinko's  
MY ROOMIES, MY PALS, FRIENDS  
AND FAMILY ALIKE. MUSICAL  
SOUNDTRACK BY: sonic youth,  
beat happening, dinosaur jr.,  
scarce, hole, p.j. harvey &  
many more. 'til next time...  
COVER FOTO CREDIT: JOHN LYONS.

SEE Y'AW! LOOK FOR MOIST NO. 3 IN JAN. 1995! FOR COPIES SEND \$1 TO MY P.O. BOX.



identity.